

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXII

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1915.

NO. 44

"NON-PARTISAN" BILLS DEFEATED IN STATE

With state returns all in from the special election of Tuesday, excepting a few distant precincts, the majority against the "non-partisan" bills stands at more than 42,000. These figures, it is estimated, may be slightly increased in the official tabulation of the entire state when made up by Secretary of State Frank C. Jordan.

San Mateo County.

Following are the complete returns from fifty-three out of fifty-five precincts in this county. The two precincts to be heard from are not likely to change the result:

For	Against
Proposition No. 1.....1244	1461
Proposition No. 2.....1165	1471
Proposition No. 3.....1567	2045
Proposition No. 4.....1317	1242
Proposition No. 5.....1071	1457
Proposition No. 6.....905	1588
Proposition No. 7.....1263	1269
Proposition No. 8.....938	1608
Proposition No. 9.....497	2059
Proposition No. 10.....833	2065
Proposition No. 11.....841	1591

City of South San Francisco.

In this city there was a total vote of 152 cast, as follows: Precinct 1, 38; precinct 2, 45; precinct 3, 69.

Proposition 1 received a majority of 8 and proposition 2 a majority of 1. All the rest of the propositions received majorities against. Only about 20 per cent of the total registered vote was cast. No active interest was shown for or against the different propositions.

The detail vote is as follows:

No. 1—Direct primary, yes 75, no 67, majority for 8.

No. 2—Form of ballot, yes 71, no 70, majority for 1.

No. 3—Term superior judges, yes 40, no 97, majority against 57.

No. 4—Term judges filling vacancies, yes 67, no 68, majority against 1.

No. 5—Rural credits, yes 59, no 73, majority against 14.

No. 6—Deposit of public moneys, yes 53, no 80, majority against 27.

No. 7—Initiative and referendum, yes 61, no 73, majority against 12.

No. 8—Condemnation for public purposes, yes 51, no 85, majority against 34.

No. 9—Taxation, yes 43, no 95, majority against 52.

No. 10—Exemption property from taxation, yes 57, no 82, majority against 25.

No. 11—County charters, yes 52, no 80, majority against 28.

Miss A. Vandenbos, graduate of the Conservatory of Music in Brussels, will give music lessons on the piano and harp at Linden Hotel. Advt.

A dollar saved is not a dollar gained.

It is more.

Queer arithmetic? No.

The spirit, the sentiment, the inspiration that prompts the saving of the dollar is of infinite value. It means that a thinking-cap has been worn, that stock-taking has been carried out, and that right conclusions have been reached.

Bank of South San Francisco

COMMERCIAL

SAVINGS

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

F. A. Brown of San Mateo was in town on Monday.

J. H. Jones and wife left today for their ranch at Suisun.

J. Vaccari has purchased a new horse and buggy.

R. S. Mengel of Redwood City was a visitor here on Monday.

James Anderson of this city took a trip to Antioch on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bianchi took a trip to San Francisco on Tuesday.

M. W. Downar returned from Mill Valley. He is in poor health.

George Martin of San Francisco was a visitor here on Thursday.

Constable S. A. Landini of Daly City was in town on Thursday.

The framework on the Hogan house on Grand avenue is about completed.

O. Hayes of Los Angeles has accepted a position at the local steel plant.

Charles Steele of Los Angeles has accepted a position at the local steel plant.

The new retaining wall and stairs at the free library building site are completed.

Mrs. T. J. Mahoney returned from Petaluma on Sunday with her daughter, Hazel.

E. W. Langenbach, who has a ranch near Los Altos, was here on business on Tuesday.

Mrs. W. T. Edmondson of Los Angeles is here visiting her sister, Mrs. W. P. Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McDonald and son, Clarence, took a trip to Petaluma on Sunday last.

The Catholic church was moved to its new location at Miller and Walnut avenues this week.

E. Lynch's little boy was operated on for tonsils and adenoids by Dr. L. J. Flanagan this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Walz and son of New York were visiting the W. H. Coffinberrys on Wednesday.

Reuben Smith Jr., formerly of this city and now of Fresno, was here visiting his parents this week.

Mrs. L. M. Cornelison of San Francisco was here this week, visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Costa.

Harvey Pennell of San Francisco has accepted a position at the W. P. Fuller paint works in this city.

Albert Smith is remodeling his barn on Baden avenue, between Maple and Spruce, into a house.

The work on Grand avenue extension is progressing rapidly. The grading work is about completed.

Bob and George W. Hagedorn are off for a few days' shooting on the Sacramento river. Watch the feathers fly.

D. E. Sullivan of this city was taken to the county hospital last Sunday by Constable James C. Wallace.

Rev. Thomas A. Atkinson and wife motored up from Palo Alto Thursday afternoon to attend the Ladies' Aid social.

James Patterson, government meat inspector at Mare Island navy yard, was in town on Monday visiting friends.

Mrs. Dan Palany and grandson, Robert Hagedorn Jr., have arrived back home after a two weeks' visit at Antioch.

Stanley R. Berry and wife of Gazelle, Cal., were visiting their aunt, Mrs. James E. Sullivan, Tuesday of this week.

The work of putting in the concrete at the new Carmody building on Linden avenue was started yesterday afternoon.

William L. Hickey completed the plumbing work on the new Miner house on Commercial avenue, near Linden, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cavassa left Friday in their machine for Mantico, San Joaquin county. They will return the first of the week.

On Monday last the high school students of this city, accompanied by their teachers, all went to the exposition to hear Thomas Edison.

C. G. Coutts of Kellogg, Iowa, is

here visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. Lind, also viewing the exposition. His father runs the Kellogg Enterprise.

A fire started on the roof of the White House Hotel on Sunday, caused by a defective chimney. The fire was put out before any damage was done.

Mrs. E. George and daughter, Emma, of San Francisco were here on Sunday visiting her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Kiessling.

Dr. T. C. Doak and his brothers, F. M. Doak and Ed Doak, took a hunting trip to Hollister on Tuesday and returned on Friday, each getting the limit of ducks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Noriega have planted the parking space in front of their residence on Miller avenue, between Linden and Cypress, with geraniums.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Tatum of Walla Walla, Wash., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Myers of this city. Mrs. Tatum is a sister of Mrs. Myers. They will also take in the exposition.

Vick Ferron, formerly of this city and now of Lakeport, Lake county, and brother of M. C. Ferron of this city, was in town on Monday visiting his brother and old-time friends.

Ed Martin, an old-time resident of this city and formerly of the Grand Hotel, who is now a police officer at Chico, was here visiting Marshal H. W. Kneese and friends on Monday.

G. Del Bianchi of this city was arrested on Thursday for disturbing the peace and brought before Recorder Rehberg. He was fined \$10 and given a six months' suspended sentence.

On Tuesday morning the voting booth at the firehouse on Grand avenue caught fire from a lighted candle that was in one of the booths. Fortunately it was in the firehouse. A chemical extinguisher was used to put out the blaze.

To-night the South City Merchants' baseball team will give its second annual grand ball. Attend and enjoy yourself with the baseball players, Union music, Owl cars. Dancing all night. Admission, gents 50 cents, ladies complimentary.

William N. Van Laak Jr. of San Francisco was arrested on Monday by Officer Acheson on a charge of peddling without a license. He was brought before Recorder Rehberg. Van Laak pleaded not guilty and is out on bail. His trial will come up on November 9th.

All arrangements for the grand masque ball to be given by South City Aerie, No. 1473, F. O. E., on November 13th are completed. There are many prizes and everybody is assured a good time. Union music. General admission 50 cents. Remember the date. November 13th.

Panama-Pacific Exposition Lodge, No. 5, A. A. of I. S. and T. W. of North America, will give its second annual grand ball on Thanksgiving eve, November 24th. The steel workers are a jolly lot of fellows and assure everybody a good time. Admission 50 cents, ladies complimentary. Union music. Dancing all night.

Charles Sullivan of Cleveland, Ohio, and P. Decker of this city, went to Oakland on Sunday to see the baseball game between the White Autos of Cleveland, Ohio, and the Tacoma Tigers of Tacoma, Washington. The

(Continued on Page 8.)

Do You Want a Home?

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company will build you a house on any lot in South San Francisco, on very easy terms. Select your lot, choose your design and apply at the Company's office, 306 Linden avenue, for full particulars.

ST. PAUL'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The pastor, Thomas A. Atkinson, will discuss the third subject in the series on next Sunday evening at 7:30.

The subject will be "The Elevating Influences of Christian Character."

A quartet choir has been organized and promises to give some musical selections. All members and friends are cordially invited to attend.

Thomas A. Atkinson, Pastor.

Sunday school, 10 a. m.

Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.

Preaching service, 7:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30 o'clock.

Junior League, Wednesday afternoon, 4 o'clock. Miss Ivy Wilkinson, superintendent.

Reception to Rev. Thos. A. Atkinson.

Last Saturday evening in the Episcopal Guild Hall a reception was

tendered Rev. Thos. A. Atkinson by

the members of the Ladies' Aid So-

ciety of St. Paul's Methodist Church.

Over a hundred members of the con-

gregation and friends were present.

The hall was elegantly decorated and

very interesting program was ren-

dered, consisting of reading and

speeches and music. Mr. Whitten

acted as chairman and gave the ad-

dress of welcome in well-chosen

words. Mr. Kelley, pastor of Grace

Episcopal Church, gave a brotherly

address in his welcome to the new

pastor.

Mr. Atkinson, responding, men-

tioned his appreciation of the town

and the warm welcome expressed by

the people, and gave it as his inten-

tion to help in the moral upbuilding

of the community.

After refreshments were served, a

social time was enjoyed by all

present.

Ladies' Aid Hold Social.

The first monthly social of the

Ladies' Aid of the M. E. Church was

held at the home of Mrs. W. H.

Coffinberry Thursday afternoon.

About twenty ladies were present

and a short business session was held

at which the following officers were

elected: Mrs. David Stearns, presi-

dent; Mrs. Ivan W. Keith, vice-presi-

dent; Mrs. Dean Standley, secretary;

Mrs. Charles Young, treasurer.

Dainty refreshments were served

and all present enjoyed a most de-

lightful social time.

The following program was ren-

dered: Miss Ivy B. Wilkinson gave a

Hallowe'en reading, which was espe-

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"Cora" at Royal Theatre



Story of the Play.

B. A. Rolfe presents the illustrious dramatic star, Emily Stevens, in the symphonious story of a redeemed prima donna, "Cora," five acts of photoplay, at the Royal Theatre, Sunday, October 31st.

Madame Renee, a fallen operatic idol of Paris, comes to America with her daughter, Cora, to seek a home. Madame Renee becomes ill and, after several weeks of striving and struggling to succeed, she dies, leaving Cora alone and in destitute circumstances.

In the tenement house where Cora's mother died there lives Marie and her crippled sister, Louise, and they take Cora to live with them when her mother passes away. Marie is an artist's model and poses for George Garnier, a famous artist. The artist is engaged to be married to Helen, the daughter of a very wealthy woman, Mrs. Van Brook, has arranged the marriage of her daughter to satisfy her social ambitions. The artist really does not love her, but being tired of living a lonely bachelor's life he suffers his engagement to the girl to be announced. The girl, Helen, in return does not really live with the artist, but complies with her mother's wishes and engages herself to the artist simply because of her mother and also because she realizes that the man is a famous artist and by marrying him her social standing will be upheld. She is really in love with Carl Wilson, a young club man, who is a ne'er-do-well. Her love for him is only a childish and girlish fancy.

After Cora's mother dies, she strives to get employment at a musical agency, as she has her mother's voice, but grief at the loss of her mother overcomes her, and she is unable to show the true value of her voice. Marie then takes Cora to pose for the artist, who falls in love with her. He doubles his efforts in his work, and with Cora's assistance accomplishes more than he ever had in his life. The girl to whom he is engaged passes out of his mind, and he neglects her. The girl and her mother decide to go to him and demand an explanation of his absence, etc. They come to the studio and reprimand him for his indifference. Cora, who is in the model's dressing room, overhears the conversation and realizes that the artist has lied to her and deceived her. She leaves him and starts life anew on the operatic stage. The prima donna of the company in which she is an understudy is dashed to death in an automobile which falls over a cliff. This gives Cora her chance, and she becomes famous.

She then goes back to the tenement district and takes Marie and her crippled sister to her home to live with her.

After a severe mental struggle with George's mother, Cora agrees to break off her engagement with George, and tells Marie that she will kill George's love for her. To this end, Cora gives a Bohemian supper party in her apartment, to which she

invites George and a festive gathering of men and women. During the course of supper she pays marked attention to Jose and apparently drinks too much wine. Finally, during a dance following the supper, after George has been taunted beyond endurance, he sees her in Jose's arms. George breaks them apart and demands an explanation. Cora tells him that she has only used him as a plaything and laughs in his face. Distressed, George throws the guests aside and rushes from the apartment to the street. Immediately he has gone, Cora breaks down and drives her guests from the room, telling them never to enter her home again. Marie exits with the guests to endeavor to find George and explain the situation to him, while Jose hides himself behind the curtains. After closing the door upon her guests she turns and finds herself confronted by Jose, who endeavors to take advantage of her unprotectedness. A terrific fight ensues, during the progress of which Marie has found George, explained the situation to him and hurried him to the rescue.

The hall door having been locked by Jose, Marie takes George to Cora's bedroom and he batters down the door just as, after a supreme effort, Cora hurls a wine cooler at Jose, which sends him through the window, where he falls to the street below and is killed.

With horror she views the act, and turning finds George at her side. In the meantime Helen has eloped with Carl, thus enabling George and Cora to become affianced.

Program for Week.

A strong program will be presented at the Royal Theatre, week commencing Sunday, October 31st.

Sunday, Emily Stevens in "Cora."

Monday, Charles Chaplin in "Caught in the Rain."

On Tuesday a five-act comedy feature, "Stop Thief," will be shown.

Wednesday the professional tryouts will appear.

On Thursday Mary Pickford will appear in a Paramount feature, "Cinderella."

The third installment of "Neal of the Navy" and "Who Pays" will be shown Friday.

A Paramount feature with Theodore Roberts, "The Circus Man," will be shown Saturday.

Volcanoes in New Zealand.

New Zealand's volcanic phenomena are accounted for in the Maori legends in the following manner: One of the first chiefs to reach New Zealand from the ancient home in Hawaiki brought with him a trusted follower, Ngauruhie, with whom he set out to examine the country. When they reached the highest peak they suffered much from cold, and the chief shouted to his sisters on a far-distant island to send some of the fire which had been brought in canoes from Hawaiki. This fire immediately came in a southwesterly line subterraneously, bursting forth on the summit, where the

chief and his follower sat freezing. It arrived in time to save the life of the former, but not that of Ngauruhie, whose name is commemorated in the highest peak of the Tongariro mountains. Geysers, hot springs and fumaroles mark the course of the subterranean passage. Mount Egmont stands in solitary grandeur because he, as one of the three giants, quarreled with the other two, Tongariro and Ruapehu, and had to fly to the coast to escape their wrath.

AN UNFINISHED POEM FINISHED.

Mr. W. H. Woodwell of Kansas City wrote as follows to the Kansas City Star:

"The inclosed clipping was taken from a law publication and it appears was originally printed in the Chicago Record-Herald. After reading this it occurred to me that it ended rather abruptly, and accordingly I composed the last verse."

THE ORIGINAL POEM.

Before the gate of heaven there stood
One who had cheated when he could;
He'd run a trust on earth,
Where he'd been worth
More millions than a fig has seeds;
He had been sued for lawless deeds
At least a score of times,
But though 'twas proved that crimes
Had been committed in his interest
And under his direction,
Though juries found him guilty, in his
Truth's breast.

There never lodged dejection.
Whenever any court decided
Against him he appealed;
His doom was sealed

Time and again, but he derided

The sealers, ever sure that he
Somehow, somewhere
Could find a judge who would de-
clare

That in the law
There was a flaw,
And therefore set him free.

One day this man appeared at heaven's
gate
And, having been informed about his
fate,

He smiled, knowing smile
And stood around a while,

Instead of starting for the realm below,
At length St. Peter asked, "Why don't
you go?"

"Go," he replied, "go where,
You don't expect me to report
Down there

Where Satan holds his court!

Why, I intended
My white-haired friend,

To hang around this place;

I shall appeal the case."

"You must depart," the saint directed;

"Or you will forthwith be ejected.

You can't appeal from my decision!"

With fine derision

He whose appeal was thus denied

Drew himself up in all his pride

Of five feet seven,

And frowning, turned to say:

"This is a punk old way

To run a heaven."

MR. WOODWELL'S EPILOGUE.

But when he reached the other place

And met old Satan face to face

And with a grin

Was ushered in

To where ex-magnates shovel coal,

He realized he was in a hole.

He scratched his head,

And then he said:

"Please send for my attorneys, Nimble-
Witt."

And have them bring a habeas corpus
writ."

The devil leered,

And sneered:

"Those writs don't go

Down here, you know."

Poor man, he had a fainting spell,

And weakly whispered: "This is hell."

Ancient Couriers.

It was the custom of the couriers of the middle ages to carry silver beads in their mouths to lessen thirst. In certain districts of India which are not traversed by railways the ancient couriers still survive and carry mails from village to village. In the jungle districts they carry bells about their necks to frighten away tigers. The American Indians had their swift runners, who carried messages in times of war between allied tribes or from the warriors in hostile territory to their native villages, and extraordinary tales are told of their swiftness and endurance. The running messenger in Europe was succeeded by the mounted messenger, and as civilization progressed systems of couriers were established, which slowly evolved into the modern system of posts.

Astray.

"It is my intention to lead you on the way of righteousness," said the reformer.

"Stranger," replied Bronco Bob, "you're lost. If that's your destination your trail never would have led you through Crimson Gulch."

New Man on the Road—What is the best time for me to see the head of this firm I'm working for, boy?

Office Boy—Between the time he gets your sales-account and the time he gets your expense-account.—Puck.

**COTTAGES
FOR SALE OR RENT**

APPLY TO

South San Francisco Land & Improvement Co

Talks on Thrift

(American Bankers' Association.)

WHO CARRIES THE LOAD.

James Smith was taken sick and lost the use of his right arm. He had a wife and four children dependent upon him, and for a year he was out of work and faced starvation. He lived in a modest frame cottage and his rent was sixteen dollars a month. He had no money laid away when he was taken sick, and only because the landlord was kindly inclined did he have a roof over his head. Neighbors and friends helped him, and somehow he pulled through that dreary year.

The landlord was not a wealthy man; he only looked so. He was "property poor." He owned about fifty houses, and owing to depreciation in real estate values and general business stagnation was unable to sell his real estate, and lived on his rents. He was, on a larger scale, in almost as bad a condition as his tenant.

For two years he paid no interest on the mortgage on Smith's house, and the taxes were in arrears for over three years. A savings bank held the mortgage, and was as patient with the landlord as the landlord was with Smith. Therefore the owner of the house was not Smith's benefactor, but the bank. The bank carried the load which the sickness of Smith brought to the landlord, and that is what banks are for.

Likewise in the matter of taxes. The city paid its bills from tax money gathered from property owners like the landlord. But when Smith paid no rent and the landlord paid no taxes, the city had to go to some bank and borrow until the landlord paid up. And so another bank came to the rescue and saved both Smith and his landlord.

We owe a great deal to banks. They carry many a load the public never sees. They ease the jars of life. They furnish the steam to keep the engine running. We could not get along without them.

Some day you may be out of work and unable to pay your rent. As a home-owner you may get behind in your taxes; but remember, somebody, through the medium of a bank, comes to the rescue and carries your load when you can't carry it yourself. When in good health, why not appreciate these facts, and when your load is easy, help carry some one else's load by banking your money where it will, in a quiet and unassuming way, do some good to somebody besides yourself?

To be ready to meet your rainy day, you must spend less than you earn. The sky may look very blue and the clouds very far away; but be assured that it will rain some time, and if your days are not rainy ones, some one is out in the storm somewhere, and the bank will carry for you the load that comes to the thrifty as well as the spendthrift, for storms are no respecters of persons.

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

O I will walk with you, my lad, whichever way you fare,
You'll have me, too, the side o' you,
With heart as light as air;
No care for when you road you take's a leadin'-anywhere.

It can but be a joyful jaunt the whilst
The road you take's the path o' love,
an' that's the bridit o' two—
An' I will walk with you, my lad—O I will walk with you.

Aye, glad my lad, I'll walk with you,
whatever winds may blow,
Or summer blossoms stay our steps, or
Bridgit drifts of snow;

The way that you set face an' foot's
the way that I will go,
An' brave I'll be, abreast o' ye,
the saints and angels know!

With loyal hand in loyal hand, an' one
heart made o' two,
Through summer's gold, or winter's cold,
it's I will walk with you.

Sure, I will walk with you, my lad, as
love ordains me to—

To Heaven's door, an' through, my lad,
O I will walk with you.

—By J. Whitcomb Riley.

POSTOFFICE

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, 8 a. m. to 9 a. m. Money order office open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Mails leave Postoffice twenty minutes before trains.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES OF MAIL.

Mail arrives—

From the north at..... 6:47 a. m.

" " " 11:58 a. m.

" " south 12:13 p. m.

" " north 2:18 p. m.

" " south 3:41 p. m.

" " north 4:26 p. m.

Mail leaves—

For the south at..... 6:47 a. m.

" " north 8:04 a. m.

" " south 11:58 a. m.

" " north 12:13 p. m.

" " south 2:18 p. m.

" " north 3:41 p. m.

" " south 4:26 p. m.

" " north 7:03 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

DO YOU KNOW

That a World's Business of Rapidly Increasing Magnitude Is Centering Around San Francisco?

DO YOU KNOW that the captains of finance and industry everywhere predict for San Francisco and her environments from now on a quick development and of colossal proportions, both industrially and commercially?

Do you know that South San Francisco is the best-located and best-proven industrial city to-day within this center of great promise?

Do you know that now is the best time for making an investment in South San Francisco property?

Values will never be less and the possibilities of big increase are everywhere within her borders.

Buy and build at once, for the demand for buildings by good tenants is away beyond the supply.

Inquire at the Office of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company for Information

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent

Office Open Sundays, Bank Building

**NEXT TIME
YOU BAKE---
USE**

CALIFENE

It will make your friends wonder how you get that nice, rich, savory crust they somehow cannot bake. Be generous. Give them the secret. Tell them about Califene, the new shortening that makes every baking day cheerful. Be sure they remember the name Califene, made in South San Francisco and sold everywhere in California.

ASK YOUR DEALER

Manufactured from the purest vegetable oil and selected beef fat in a modern and sanitary plant
under the watchful eyes of U. S. Government Inspectors.

Western Meat Company

THE ENTERPRISE

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1915.

CLUB AND SOCIETY NOTES.

Our readers are respectfully asked to furnish The Enterprise with items of club, social or personal nature that they know of for publication.

* * *

The Woman's Club meets on the first and third Thursdays of each month at Lodge Hall, Metropolitan building, at 2:30 p. m.

BEACON LIGHTS TO
GUIDE BAY VESSELS

Shipping is to be facilitated at Redwood harbor and Port San Jose by a 50-candle-power red beacon light which has been installed by the government at the mouth of Redwood creek. The light is twenty feet above the high tide mark and cost approximately \$800. It is believed that the shipping which goes on at these ports at night will be greatly benefited.

W. C. Graves, manager of the Peninsula Dock and Warehouse Company, is largely responsible for the improvement. He circulated a petition among the people who believed that the illumination was necessary and presented it to the proper officials at Washington, who approved of the request.

GRACE CHURCH.

Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Services at 11 a. m.

Tuesday.

Evening prayer with brief address or story sermon at 7:45 o'clock.

Friday.

At 2 p. m. Meeting of Grace Church Guild in Guild Hall. All women interested in the welfare of the church are invited to attend and take part in the guild's activities.

ATTORNEY KIRKBRIDE
RETAINED BY SAN BRUNO

Charles N. Kirkbride, city attorney of San Mateo, has been retained by the city of San Bruno to represent that municipality in its injunction suit against the Limite Park annexation proceedings. A restraining order was issued which prevented the San Bruno trustees from canvassing the election returns. The litigation has been in the superior court of this county for some time and is now temporarily arrested by technicalities.

LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at South San Francisco, October 27, 1915.

Domestic—Bates, Harold; Cicchetti, Emilio; Dorman, Mrs.; Iethard, Mary; Kobocek, Mr.; Lynck, P.; Lartigue, Ed; Mafi, L.; Swanson, Fritz (2); Wiggins, Mrs. N. B.

Foreign—Anderson, Mrs. F. D.; Maffei, Angela; Marenco, Luigi; E. E. Cunningham, Postmaster.

AN OLD DEED FILED.

A deed executed on January 4, 1862, by Horace Hawes in favor of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company, predecessors to the Southern Pacific Company, to a strip of land in Redwood City for right of way purposes, was filed in the recorder's office this week. The old document is well preserved.

She—Daisy married old Gotrox, but she was engaged to his son.

He—Yes, but Gotrox threatened to cut off his son's allowance if he married her.

COUNTY TREASURER
CHAMBERLAIN CELEBRATES
SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

A guest in the lobby of the Sequoia Hotel last Sunday morning asked his neighbor, "Is that auto assemblage a wedding or funeral?" and his neighbor, who was posted, answered, "That is the Greenwood club going to celebrate Treasurer Chamberlain's birthday."

It is an axiom that the sun always shines bright on that day, and the seventy-fifth anniversary was no exception. The place hidden in the Portola hills, and known only to the initiated, was reached at noon, and a toothsome barbecue prepared under the direction of Ole Johnson and George Shine was ready for the hungry tourists. An afternoon spent under the trees by the running brook was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and a late return by moonlight capped a perfect outing. Ernest Werder, the official photographer, made a number of pictures to be retained as souvenirs. One of the pleasing events of the day was the presentation to Mr. Chamberlain of an opal stickpin, tendered with congratulations and best wishes for many happy returns of the day. Among the participants other than Mr. Chamberlain were J. F. Johnston, C. Muller, Ole Johnson, George Shine, J. B. Perry, Dan Flynn, Tom Flynn, Ernest Werder, Frank Zimmerman, F. J. Molyneaux, W. H. Coffinberry, Henry Haaker, Roy Peterson, W. H. Lipp, H. Steinberger, Guy Hull, Asa Hull and A. D. Walsh.—Redwood City Democrat.

WILL OF THE LATE
GEORGE L. PERHAM FILED

Jennie M. Perham has filed the last will and testament of George L. Perham, who died at Hillsborough on October 9th. The will is dated June 27, 1914. Mrs. Perham has applied for letters testamentary thereon. The value of the estate is not mentioned in the petition except that it exceeds the sum of \$10,000 and consists of real and personal property. The devisees and legatees are Mrs. Jennie M. Perham, widow, and Ina C. Perham and George Sheldon Perham.

SAN BRUNO M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Thomas A. Atkinson, pastor.
Sunday school, 10 a. m.

Preaching, 11 a. m.
Junior League, Saturday, 3:30 p. m.
Miss Crowhall, M. E. deaconess, superintendent.

AN Ounce of Prevention.

"I've noticed, Jack," said the young wife, "that when you go to light the gas in a dark room you always take two matches. Why is that?"

"Well, my dear," said Jack, "I discovered long ago that if you carry one match it will always go out, but if you carry two it never does."

FREE BIG TREES AT THE
EXPOSITION SUPPLEMENTED
BY SEED DISTRIBUTION

Since it is now foreseen that the demand for the 100 sequoia trees offered by the United States forest service for free distribution at the exposition on San Francisco and forestry days, November 2d and 6th, will be much greater than anticipated, an additional hundred trees and one thousand packages of sequoia seed have been provided. Those desiring either trees or seed should apply in person at the government forestry exhibit, palace of agriculture, on either of the days indicated. One hundred of the young big trees and a like number of other species will be given away on each day. Preference in their distribution will be shown to schools and other educational institutions.

The trees are two-year old transplants of the species "Sequoia washingtonia or gigantea." They will be mailed to successful applicants direct from the government nursery in the Plumas national forest. The seeds, together with instructions for planting them and for handling the young plants, will be handed to visitors who apply for them while the supply lasts.—From the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, San Francisco office.

Always Selfish.

An elderly German and his wife were much given to quarreling. One day, after a particularly unpleasant scene, the old woman remarked with a sigh: "Vell, I wish I vas in heafen!"

"I wish I vas in a beer garden!" shouted her husband.

"Ach, ja!" cried the old wife; "always you try to pick out the best for yourself!"

The More Important Service.

"You have charged me too much for this divorce," vociferated the opera singer.

"Madam," protested the lawyer; "consider the extra work you have made me do as press agent."

The bellboy followed the newly arrived colonel from Kentucky to his room with a pitcher of water.

"Water, sir," announced the boy.

"Water!" said the colonel. "What do I want water for? The room isn't on fire, is it?"

FOR SALE

Four-room house, electric lights, bath and gas, plastered, papered, newly painted; on paved street; lot 50x140. A bargain if sold at once. See JOHN F. MAGER Sales Agent Land Company.

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The man who works outdoors or who plays outdoors requires special garments and

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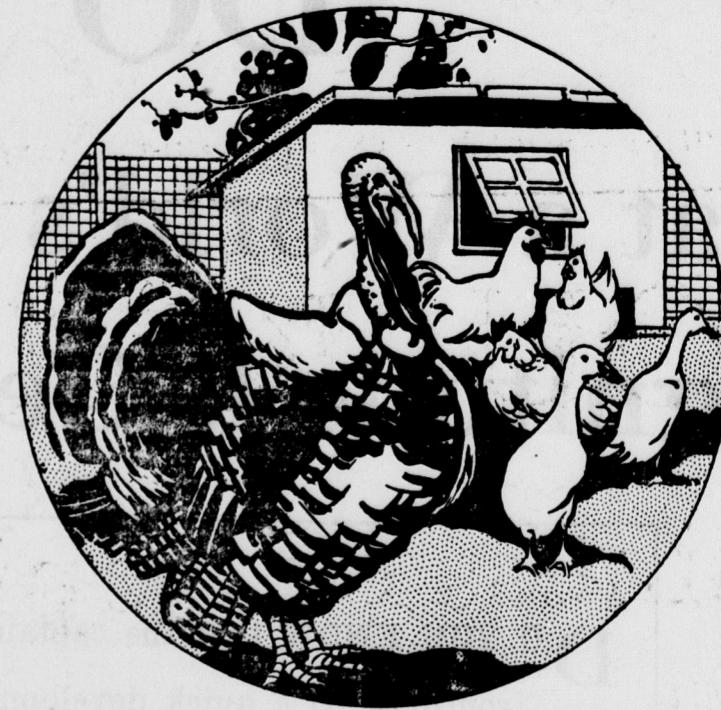
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First delivery goes east, 8 a. m.; second delivery goes west, 10 a. m.; third delivery goes north, 2 p. m. Free delivery once a day if order is in time as designated.

ROYAL THEATRE

Program Week Commencing Sunday, October 31st:

Sunday—Emily Stevens in "Cora." Monday—Charles Chaplin in "Caught in the Rain." Tuesday—"Stop Thief," five-part comedy. Wednesday—Professional tryouts. Thursday—Mary Pickford in "Cinderella." Friday—"Neal of the Navy" and "Who Pays?" series. Saturday—Theodore Roberts in "The Circus Man."



FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

Francis Drake Lodge, No. 376, F. & A. M., meets at Metropolitan Hall first Friday every month for stated meetings. W. W. McDonald, Master. H. F. Mingledorff, Secretary.

Tippicanoe Tribe, No. 111, Impd. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting brothers welcome. Martin Hyland, Sachem. Daniel Hyland, Chief of Records.



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We are giving beautiful prizes to our customers for coupons obtained with all purchases of 5 cents or more at our store. On Saturdays double coupons are given away. Low prices for good goods.

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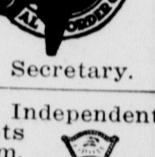
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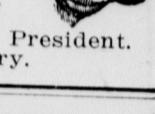
Court Violet, No. 1453, Independent Order of Foresters, meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall. Chas. Mercks, Chief Ranger. Aug. Ellasson, Secretary.



South San Francisco Lodge, No. 850, The Fraternal Brotherhood, meets every second and fourth Mondays in Lodge Hall. Dora Harder, President. Clara Broner, Secretary.



San Mateo Lodge, No. 7, Journeyman Butchers' P. and B. A., meets every first and third Monday in the Lodge Hall, at 7:30 p. m. Peter Lind, President. J. E. Sullivan, Secretary.



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FRATERNAL ORDERS

(By Harry Edwards.)
Impd. Order of Red Men.

The outlook for the future of Tippecanoe Tribe, No. 111, is most encouraging. The interest manifested during the past moon, to say the least, was a source of joy to those who have followed the trail for many great suns, and here I would impress on the thirty or more newly created chiefs that it will depend upon how much each member will measure up to his share of the labor and responsibility he has obligated himself to perform. May all be prompted with a sincere desire to work for the promotion and harmony of the tribe. Then our council fires will not only burn more brightly, but in bright anticipation we can look forward to the time when many palefaces will be captured, and learn as well as imbibe the virtues that have made this truly American order one of the brightest and most desirable in the land.

Thursday evening, October 31st, in Metropolitan Hall, thirty palefaces were adopted by the local tribe of Red Men and had conferred on them the warrior's and chief's degree by the degree team of Winnemucca Tribe, No. 61, of San Francisco, assisted by Great Prophet Robert L. Lincoln, Great Sachem John M. Herren, Great Senior Sagamore Dr. C. T. Hansen, Great Keeper of Wampum Silas H. Wilcox and William Twamley, great representative.

The degree team did good work, and the interest shown by the new members speaks well for the future.

The great chiefs made splendid speeches, referring to the past, present and future of the Impd. Order of Red Men.

No ceremony of this kind would be complete without reference to the Boston tea party, meaning Freedom; nor to the sons of Tamini, meaning Friendship; then came the Impd. Order of Red Men, with Charity as its motto, and thus from the opening to the closing of the ceremonies the principles of Redmanship prevailed.

The degree team did its part.

The great chiefs smoked the pipe of peace, saying all is well with Tippecanoe Tribe, located in the hunting grounds of South San Francisco.

Then the war whoop, to the camp of Pete Lind, that ancient scout, which in the shortest time known in the history of the local tribe was captured with all its contents, but no paleface was found therein. The accumulated stores of corn and venison were seized and appropriated by braves, warriors and chiefs.

Thus ended one of the most successful roundsups of palefaces ever attempted by the local tribe, Tippecanoe, No. 111.

A Dream Within a Dream.

If all who hate would love us,
And all we love were true,
If stars that swing above us
Would brighten in the blue;

If cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
Would hardly be worth while.

If hearts were only jolly
And grieving was forgot,
And tears and melancholy
Were things that now are not;

Then love would kneel to duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty—
A dream within a dream.

I. O. F.

(By George W. Hagedorn.)

The whist party given in Metropolitan Hall last Tuesday evening was a social success, everybody having a good time. The prizes awarded were selected with great care and were highly appreciated.

The social feature of fraternalism is a valuable asset. It helps a society together. It brings, as it ought, new members; affords an opportunity for social intercourse and develops the social instinct. It bestows the benefit of brotherly regard that finds expression in the visitation of the sick, the care of the orphan, the relief of the

distressed, the comfort of the sorrowing.

"The friend of all, the enemy of none."

Every time the clock ticks on working days, fraternal societies pay \$19.32 to the beneficiaries of deceased members.

It is a mean thing for you to go to heaven, while your wife and children go to the poorhouse.

Several applicants have filed their applications for the big Christmas initiation.

The Clique.

What is the clique? It's a body of men

Who attend every meeting, not just now and then;

Who don't miss a meeting unless they are sick,

These are men that the grouch calls the clique.

Who don't make a farce of that sacred word, brother,

Who believe in the motto, "Help one another";

Who never resort to a dishonest trick,

They are the men that some call the "clique."

The men who are seldom back in their dues,

And who from their meetings do not carry news;

Who attend to their duties and visit the sick,

These are the men the crank calls the clique.

We all should be proud of members like these,

They can call them the clique, or whatever they please;

They never attempt any duties to dodge,

These are the clique that runs every lodge.

But there are some people who always find fault,

And most of this kind are not worth their salt;

They like to start trouble, but seldom will stick,

They like to put all of the work on the clique.

The Hon. Rufus M. Potts, commissioner of insurance of Illinois, says: "Fraternal insurance is the greatest of all, in its moral power, its beneficial service and its wholesome administration of human helpfulness."

The widows and orphans' day at the P. P. I. E. last Saturday was well attended. Widows and orphans were treated to all things that make the exposition a great success.

A few improved lots on Grand avenue for sale at a bargain. South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company. See John F. Mager, Sales Agent. Advt.

W. M. ROBERTS INDICTED BY FEDERAL GRAND JURY

William M. Roberts, organizer of and former president and cashier of the National Bank of San Mateo, was indicted Thursday by the federal grand jury on the charge of embezzling \$12,500 from that institution. The indictment contains five counts.

Roberts was arrested about five weeks ago on a complaint sworn to by United States District Attorney John W. Preston, charging the same offense. United States Commissioner Francis Krull held Roberts under \$10,000 bail to await the action of the grand jury. Unable to give the bond, Roberts has been held in the San Francisco county jail.

Since his incarceration it is said that Roberts has endeavored to raise the amount of his alleged shortage, with a view to pleading guilty when arraigned before Judge Maurice T. Dooling in the United States district court and throwing himself upon the mercy of the court. Roberts was bonded by the bank for \$10,000. After the national bank examiner discovered a shortage, Roberts deeded his San Mateo home to the bank, more than making good the difference between the amount of his alleged shortage and the amount of his bond.

Roberts will be arraigned before Judge Dooling Monday morning.

SIXTEEN HUNDRED STUDENTS VACCINATED AGAINST TYPHOID

The opportunity to be vaccinated against typhoid which the university of California offers to all its students has proved remarkably popular. During the past two years 1639 students and members of the faculty have been immunized. The same opportunity is now available for everybody else in California, for anti-typhoid vaccine will be sent free to any physician in the state from the state hygienic laboratory, maintained on the university campus by the California state board of health.

Particularly in the spring do the students flock to be vaccinated against typhoid, so that they may go on a summer vacation in the country or the mountains with this protection against typhoid—which is primarily a country and small town disease, since cities, which are more apt to be careful as to their water supply and sewage disposal systems, are much less subject to it. Last spring, also, a large number of the graduating class sought anti-typhoid vaccination before going out to begin their work in life as civil engineers, miners, teachers or farmers in the open country or in small towns.

SAN BRUNO REAL ESTATE.

For Sale—Modern four-room cottage, two lots, \$150 down, balance \$10 month; also good business property, store and living rooms on San Mateo avenue, \$300 down, balance \$10 month. See L. M. Pfluger. Take San Mateo car and get off at San Bruno crossing. Advt.

CAREFULNESS A FIRST DUTY

IN the selection of candies use extreme care, for adulterated and chemically dyed sweets cause much ill health. Accompanying the extensive stock of drugs and other medical supplies in this store you will find an assortment of truly delicious candies warranted to be pure and wholesome. Fit for children as well as grownups. In moderation they will be found to be actually beneficial. Our cigars in this store you will will gratify you.



THE STORE OF PLEASING PRICES
PENINSULA DRUG CO.

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Tasty Delicacies For Your Table



PICKLES, ketchup, sauces, horseradish, caviar and all other spicy things that go to add to the pleasantness of your meals—we have them all. Build up your appetite, and you will build up your health. If you do not relish your food it will do you no good.

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Fancy Groceries and General Merchandise

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is that of fire. Don't neglect a rock-bound insurance policy, where the financial reserve and capital is a guarantee of your everlasting indemnity. Our company offers you every inducement and the premium is nominal in the extreme. Just a few paltry dollars a thousand protects you. Why court disaster? Let us assure you of continued prosperity.

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PLUMBING is a study when you determine to conduct the business in the most practical and effective way. We have made a study of the trade and know that we are qualified to tackle and successfully handle the most difficult jobs. No temporary substitutes here for work that should remain permanently.

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Loans made on the Monthly Definite Contract Plans, paying in from 5 to 12 years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No premiums or unnecessary expense. H. W. SCHABERG, Secretary, Redwood City, Cal.

**Expert Hair Cutting, Hot
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AT—

METROPOLITAN BARBER SHOP

For Sale—Good old papers, 15 cents per hundred. Apply this office. Advt.

BY THE SEA

Toward the eastern end of Coney Island, just beyond the Oriental Hotel, where the beach is clear, and where the highest waves break upon the snow-like sand, is situated Station No. 37 of the United States life-saving service. Visitors to the beach during the summer season are familiar enough with the external appearance of this structure—a two-story wooden cottage, with large doors in front and a lookout platform upon the roof; but at that time of the year it is deserted and uninteresting. With the late September storms, however, when the other parts of the island begin to sink into their wintry torpor, come life and activity to the little house upon the beach. The eight hardy surfmen, who are to be on duty until June, are at their post. The lifeboat and apparatus are overhauled, lanterns and signals are put in trim, and all is in readiness for instant response to the call of danger from the bleak ocean that rolls before the door.

One October evening six of the surfmen were gathered about the fire in the large upper room of the station, which serves as both sitting-room and dormitory. The captain was writing in his office, and one member of the crew was outside patrolling the beach. It was a windy evening, and the wind was increasing to something like a gale. The sun had gone down in a red sky, throwing its last rays ominously over the purplish-black, foam-flecked sea, and upon the white wings of a small yacht far out beyond Sandy Hook. Now the wind fairly shrieked around the exposed building, rocking it like a tree, while great waves thundered upon the beach in the darkness.

But indoors the scene was cheerful enough, a game of cards was in progress, and two of the men were absorbed in the study of a signal book containing colored plates of the flags of all nations.

Sitting in the glare of the lamp was one whose occupation for the moment was an extraordinary one for a surferman on duty. He had an improvised easel before him, with a canvas upon it, and was painting a picture.

The reader will perhaps smile at this. But I have no design in super-seding Du Maurier as satirist upon the results of the esthetic movement. Neither do I undertake to account for those dispensations of nature which causes the artistic genius to make itself manifest under what would seem to be the most unpromising conditions. I only say that I am writing of facts.

Moschette—whom the men at the station had dubbed "Professor"—had been on duty at Coney Island station ever since its establishment. He was in the habit of employing his leisure hours, which in some seasons were not few, in decorative work. Painted clam-shells and illuminated cigar-box covers would appear to have been in demand, and Moschette was enabled to increase his small income by the sale of his work. He was a good surferman withal, and there had been no complaint that his efficiency in the service suffered from his artistic tastes.

The men were passing the evening as just described, when suddenly a blue rocket blazed through the darkness upon the beach, and a moment afterward the patrolman rushed breathlessly into the house.

"To the boat, boys!" he shouted; "there's something out there. Can't see no light, but I'm sure I heard somebody hollerin'."

All sprang to their feet and made for the stairs.

"Where away?" asked the captain.

"Off toward the Rockaway bar."

In a moment the crew had bound on their cork life-preservers and were dragging the lifeboat upon its wheeled carriage down into the surf. Every man had his assigned place, and in less than five minutes the boat had been successfully launched and was dashing out in the direction which the patrolman had indicated. There were six rowers, and the captain stood in the stern and guided the boat with a steering oar. At brief intervals he would give a hail, which

was answered by faint cries far out in the darkness.

At last the lantern's rays fell upon a dark object, which would rise for a moment, then disappear behind a mountain-like billow. It was a capsized yacht, and the forms of two or three men could be discerned clinging to her keel.

"Look out for the line!" cried Moschette, standing in the bow of the lifeboat with a coil of rope in his hand.

Watching his opportunity he threw the line, and with success, for it was seized by one of the men upon the yacht, who at once began to haul in.

As they came nearer, Moschette saw that the yacht was lying upon her side, with her masts and sails toward the lifeboat. It would be impossible to approach her from that direction. The two boats were tossing like corks upon the boiling sea, and it seemed that they must inevitably be thrown upon each other and lost.

"Let go the line a minute!" roared Moschette. "We'll have to get on the other side of you."

But the terrified yachtsmen clung to the rope for dear life, and hauled away. Moschette seized a hatchet and severed the rope with one blow. A cry of despair went up from the yacht.

"For heaven's sake don't leave us! We can't hold out much longer."

"We'll be with you directly," came the response from the lifeboat; "hang on!"

The rescuers got their boat around, poised their oars for a second, and an immense wave lifted and bore them close alongside the wreck. The line was again thrown, and the boats were made fast to each other.

There were two men clinging to the yacht, supporting between them the drenched and apparently lifeless form of a third. They raised him firmly by the arms and pulled him into the boat; then the others were taken off safely. The crew bent to their oars again and pulled for the shore.

"Yes, he's breathing all right. Turn his face downward, and let the water run out of his mouth. Pull away, boys. We've got to get him by the fire as quick as we can," said the captain.

"Poor Bob!" said one of the yachtsmen. "He expected the worst and wasn't afraid to meet it. 'I don't matter much about me, now,' he said; 'but I hope you may get out of this.'"

"What were you doing out here at this time?" asked the captain.

"Well, you see, we were going to sail back to Baltimore, where we hail from. We came up for a cruise in the warm weather last month, and put in at New York, where we found our friend here, also on a visit. We stayed longer than we intended, and when we were ready to leave, Bob said he would go back to Baltimore with us. He was in bad spirits, and we told him a week or two on board the yacht would bring him around. This is what we've brought him around to, poor fellow."

"He is from Baltimore, too, then?"

"Yes. Well, the weather was fair enough in the afternoon, and we started. Toward night, when we had got off Sandy Hook, we saw a storm was coming on. Our rudder was in bad order. We had broken it a week ago, and now we found it had not been properly fixed. So we thought it best to tack round into the harbor again and wait till to-morrow. We got out of our course after dark, and brought up on that infernal bar. The first thing we knew a roller slid from under us, and our bowsprit struck sand. Then another lifted us from behind and over we went. Bob was stunned, but we contrived to snatch him up and get hold of the keel. We drifted over the bar and in toward the shore. We were so cold that we couldn't have held on much longer when we saw your light and sang out, and—well, you came just in the nick of time, and we won't forget it."

The lifeboat had now reached the shore, where she was brought safely through the surf and dragged high and dry upon the beach.

They carried the helpless one into the house, rolled him between warm blankets, and laid him upon one of

the iron bedsteads near the fire. The others were given dry clothing and such refreshments as the place afforded, and began an anxious watch over their comrade.

Chilled and all but drowned, the poor fellow lay upon the narrow cot, his head thrown back upon his folded arm, like one dead and cast up by the sea. The lamplight fell upon his face. The cheeks were wan, the lips purpled; drops of the salt sea glistened in the dusk of the mustache and the tangled hair that fell over the forehead almost to the eyelids, but the expression of the face was painless and peaceful.

Where was she to whom one could not but think those features were dear? For one touch of her warm lips upon those pallid ones, it seemed, would have been enough to reawaken life and love.

Suddenly the big gray eyes opened, stared for an instant in a bewildered way, then weakly closed again.

"Bob, old boy, how do you feel now?" cried one of the watchers.

"All right—all right," he murmured, without opening his eyes.

"Let him sleep," said Moschette; "he's all right now. I'll watch him till it's my time to go on patrol, and you two fellows had better turn into my bunk and get a little sleep."

The weary yachtsmen did not offer any strong objections to this proposal, and soon they were sound asleep, as well as those of the men who were to go on duty at the beginning of the next four hours' watch.

Moschette sat alone by the young stranger's bed watching the still face. Suddenly he arose, stole noiselessly across the room, brought his easel, palette and brushes to the bedside, and began to paint. The canvas upon which he worked bore a rude sketch copied from an illustrated paper. It represented a drowned body lying upon the sand, and partly covered by the wave which had borne it thither.

The face had not been painted in at all; but now, as Moschette plied his brush with a bold and not unskillful hand, a distorted but unmistakable likeness of the sleeper's handsome features appeared in the picture. Moschette worked with a kind of inspiration, and this was the best thing he had ever done.

The subordinate parts of the picture were artistically worthless, but the fact of the drowned body was truly striking. The calm features of the unconscious model were made ghastly with the horrible stare of death; yet the likeness was perfectly preserved.

Wind and waves raged without, but the painter worked on, oblivious to all around him. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when he put away his picture, roused the next watch, and threw himself upon one of the vacant cots for a few hours' rest.

The two yachtsmen arose and watched beside their comrade till morning, when he awoke and exclaimed:

"Why, Jack! Allan! Where the deuce are we?"

They related all that had happened during the night.

"We're going out now to see what can be done with the yacht," said one, "and then we'll take the cars and get back to Baltimore. We must not let it get out that we've been split on a sandbar. We'd never hear the last of it."

Assistance was procured, and the demoralized yacht was towed into port for repairs. In a day or two the three strangers left by rail for Baltimore, having just bestowed at Station 37 a present which caused them to be pronounced "out-and-out gentlemen, that did things up square."

One of the party had left at the little station a souvenir which he knew not of—the counterfeit presentation of that fine face of his, painted during the stormy midnight into Moschette's gloomy fanciful picture.

* * * * *

The winter with its storms and shipwrecks went slowly by at the lonely station, and the warm-breathed May came at last, when the house would be closed and the surfmen might return to their homes.

It was one of the baldest of the late spring days, when a party of four came in their carriage down the beautiful ocean parkway from Brooklyn to look upon the blue sea, weeks in advance of the bustling "season." The party consisted of John Whyte, his wife and daughter,

and a lady friend of the latter. A few other visitors were congregated about the hotels. Mr. and Mrs. Whyte met acquaintances there and remained for a chat, while the two young ladies wandered up the beach.

Margaret Whyte paused for a moment upon the smooth sand, where the waves crept gently to her feet, and gazed out upon the sea. The mild wind tossed her blonde hair against her pale pink cheeks—blew the soft texture of her dress closely about her form until every exquisite curve was revealed, and took all sorts of liberties with the bits of loose fringe and knots of fluttering ribbon upon her cloak and hat. But her eyes looked wistfully out over the waters which their blue depths mirrored.

Her lively companion did not allow the reverie to be prolonged.

"Why, Madge, how pensive you are! Your pose reminds me of the maiden in the picture on one of my pieces of sheet music called 'When My Ship Comes In.' What are you dreaming of?"

"You know I couldn't keep a secret from you, if I tried, Linda," was the gentle response. "I was thinking of when my ship went out."

"With Mr. Merle on board. Why, that was long, long ago—last October, wasn't it? He would be flattered to know that you still think of him sometimes, especially as you had been acquainted with him two or three weeks when you gave him his congé."

"No, no!" exclaimed Margaret earnestly; "you do not know, Linda—indeed you do not. He does not deserve to be spoken of disrespectfully."

"Why, did you not tell me yourself, when he went, that you drove him away to sea in despair?"

"But I did not think he really meant to go then. When I found I was not to see him again I felt very sorry—very sorry."

Her voice faltered and her eyes were downcast.

"Tell me all about it, Madge; I never knew," said Linda, coaxingly.

"I liked Mr. Merle. He called often, and was very attentive, so that in two weeks we seemed to have been acquainted for a long time. I—I thought he cared a little for me, Linda. One evening he called, and I received him in the parlor. Mother and father and some friends were there. When he left I went to the door with him, and he told me he must soon leave New York. His friends were there with their yacht, and wanted him to join them. 'Margaret,' he said, 'do not think me bold. A sailor's courtship must be brief, you know. I want to tell you something before I go.' I was startled, and for a moment did not speak. I heard papa's step in the hall. I whispered: 'We must understand each other. Tomorrow evening—' To-morrow evening,' he said, and was gone. You know that Mr. Suydam, the banker, was beginning to be attentive to me at that time. Papa liked him very much, and I could not entirely ignore him. Indeed, I respected him highly. Well, the next evening I was expecting Mr. Merle—I don't know what I might have said to him, Linda—when who should call but Mr. Suydam. I had made an engagement, a week before, to go to the opera, and had forgotten it. I would have pleaded sickness, but it was too late. The doorbell rang again, and Mr. Merle entered. My opera wraps had been brought in. Papa and mamma and Mr. Suydam were all there, and stared. I tried to explain. 'Pardon me, Mr. Merle,' I said, 'I had forgotten—'Never mind,' he interrupted, 'I shall not detain you. I sail for Baltimore to-morrow and I must make my adieus to-night.' I was almost crying with vexation, but I could do nothing. There was a formal leave-taking right there, and—that was the end of it."

"But surely he wrote afterward?" said Linda, who had listened with sympathy to all that her friend related.

"No. I expected it for weeks and weeks, but he never wrote."

"Then don't think any more about it. Let the matter be a bygone—unless you like to cherish a sentimental regret."

Margaret was silent. The two had walked a considerable distance up the beach, and were now approaching the life-saving station.

"Let's go and see the lifeboat," said

Linda. "The house appears to be open."

They found a solitary surfman engaged in putting the place in order, preparatory to closing it for the summer. He showed them the life-boat, and explained the use of the rocket-line in establishing communication with the stranded vessels. The girls made the circuit of the barn-like apartment, and were about to return, when the observant eyes of Linda fell upon a painter's canvas, standing upon a dusty shelf, with its face turned to the wall.

"What's this?" she exclaimed, "some wandering artist has been here and left a souvenir of his visit. How romantic! We must have a look at it."

She took down the canvas and turned it to the light. It was the half-finished picture upon which Moschette had worked that stormy midnight of the previous October. It had been laid aside and neglected, for there had been no patron to urge the artist to complete it.

Margaret glanced at the picture.

One look, and she started violently, turned deadly pale, and laid a trembling hand upon her companion's shoulder.

"Oh, Linda! You recognized that face?"

"It is Mr. Merle's?"

"Yes, it is surely him. Oh, how do you think it came here? Ask the man, Linda."

Margaret's voice had sunk to a whisper and her blue eyes were wide with horror.

Linda called to the man, who was at the other end of the room.

"What picture is this? How did it come here?" she asked excitedly.

"Oh, that is one of the professor's daubs," answered the man. "The professor is one of the fellers here, that has a turn for makin' pictures."

"But what does this represent? How did he happen to paint it?"

Now, the fellow had been but a short time at the station; he knew nothing of the circumstances under which Moschette had produced the picture, except from hearing it casually mentioned once or twice, and he had never had sufficient curiosity to learn its history. Nevertheless, seeing the interest with which the young ladies regarded it, he felt bound to give them a satisfactory account.

"That," he said, in answer to Linda's eager inquiry, "is a young fellow that was drowned off here last fall, when a yacht went over in a storm. His body was washed up on the beach, and the professor he went out and took this here pictur of it."

"Do you know who the young man was?"

"Don't recollect his name. He belonged in Baltimore, they said."

Margaret turned away without a word.

"It may be some one else, after all," said Linda. But she could not arouse a hope which she herself did not possess; and, throwing her arm around her companion's waist, the two walked toward the hotel in silence.

Mr. Whyte was coming up the beach in search of them.

"Say nothing of this to him now," whispered Margaret.

"Ah, here you are at last!" the old gentleman exclaimed. "Where on earth have you been? Why, Margaret, what is the matter? You are as pale as a ghost."

"She is not well. The air is damp. I think we had better return," said Linda.

The sky had become clouded, and there was a slight chilliness in the sea wind. The party returned to their carriage, and in the still, sunless afternoon they drove back through the flat Long Island farms to their home in Brooklyn.

Late that night, after the lights were out and the house and street had grown quiet, Margaret sat alone at her chamber window, looking up through the branches of the garden trees into the clear sky. The moonlight fell on tears to all the others hidden.

"I will not believe it," she murmured; "it cannot be. Dead! and he never knew."

Parching summer had come. All day the hot light glared over the city pavement, and the shade of the thick leaved trees was black by contrast.

One evening after the sun had gone down, a red disc in the smoky sky. Margaret Whyte and her mother sat

in the porch of their home upon the Heights, watching the twilight fall.

"You are failing, I think, Margaret," her mother was saying. "Perhaps that may excuse your unusual behavior. Why were you so rude to Mr. Suydam this afternoon?"

"Why does he persecute me? Why do you and papa encourage him to do so? I tolerated him as a friend, but now—well, after what occurred to-day he can no longer be in doubt as to how I regard him. I couldn't help it, mother."

"My child you know that your father and I are concerned only for your happiness. But I perceive that we had better talk no further upon this subject at present. Your father expects to be able to leave his business this week, and we are to be to the seaside at last. I am glad on your account, Margaret; for you are growing pale, and those eyes are not so bright as they should be. We shall go to the Oriental Hotel, or, perhaps, to Long Branch."

"Not to Coney Island, mother!" the girl exclaimed. "Anywhere but there." "Nonsense! But nothing is yet determined upon."

Mr. Whyte now joined them and the matter was discussed at length. It was decided that the family should spend a month or two at Long Branch.

The following week found them established at one of the quaint hotel cottages upon the bluff, where the overhanging eaves made a shelter for baskets of flowers, and tropical plants, in bright red boxes, stood about the velvet lawn within reach of the fountain's spray. The ocean rolled in front, while the view inland extended over board fields of waving corn.

Margaret loved the scene and the morning and evening walks along the bluff. Sometimes she would sit dreaming for hours in one of the little pavilions, without looking at the book which lay neglected in her lap.

But the favorable change for which her parents had hoped did not come. The buoyant spirits were lacking, and social gayeties had become things to be escaped rather than enjoyed, as once.

At evening she would sit at the open window and listen to the conversation and laughter of the merry groups upon the piazza, but seldom joined them.

One night a large company of ladies and gentlemen were congregated there in the warm dusk, and the talk drifted from gay to grave. One of the ladies looking over the hazy, star-lit sea, was reminded of a ghost story, which she volunteered to relate.

"Captain W—, a friend of mine," she said, "used to tell of a circumstance which had occurred while he was at Delhi, in India and which he said had entirely removed his disbelief of the possibility of apparitions. Attached to his regiment was a young ensign, Arthur G—, who was a general pet, being a warm-hearted and genial comrade and enlivening the dull routine of regimental life by his merry humor and boyish pranks. He had been a year with Captain W—'s regiment, when he began to droop and feel an increasing languor and sense of illness which greatly alarmed his friends. After some weeks of prostration, the fatal verdict of 'decline' was given by his medical attendant; and, anxious to give a last chance of recovery to one so young and so amiable, the general in command sent him with a sick certificate to Calcutta, from thence to embark for England. That no care or attention might be wanting on his journey, a regimental surgeon was sent with him. In due time this officer rejoined the regiment, reporting that his young patient had borne the fatigues of the journey well, that he had himself seen him on board of a homeward-bound vessel, and that every possible comfort had been provided for his passage. A few weeks after the doctor's return, the officers of Arthur G—'s regiment were sitting over their dessert at the mess-dinner, the mess-room being a long, large tent, with an opening at each end. Captain W— was just thinking of poor Arthur G—, and wondering if he should ever see him again, when Arthur himself came in at the door of the tent, and passing down the whole length of the dinner-table went out at the opposite door. He was dressed as they had last seen him; he was deadly pale, but smiled

and nodded to several of his friends as he had been wont to do, and gave a long and earnest look toward Captain W—, who had been his most intimate friend. The mess broke up at once, some going to look for their old comrade in the mess-room of the regiment in cantonment with them, and Captain W— to the tent of the general, whom he found alone, writing, and who, looking up with astonishment, declared that he had seen nothing of the young officer.

On inquiry, it was found that he had also passed through the mess-room of the other regiment and had been recognized by many of the officers. Yet nowhere could he be found. His sudden appearance and disappearance seemed equally mysterious. Eventually letters arrived bearing the sad intelligence that Arthur G— had died at sea at the very day and at the very hour that he had been seen in the camp before Delhi."

Margaret Whyte listened with rapt attention to this story, then returned to her chamber alone. Her imagination was excited, and a thousand weird fancies floated through her brain. Her cheeks burned feverishly. She threw open the window and welcomed the faint, cool breath of the sea.

Two great lamps burned below, at the entrance to the hotel, throwing a broad stream of light across the dark lawn and out toward the edge of the bluff. Through this glimmering space, as she looked, slowly walked the figure of Robert Merle.

Margaret sat motionless, staring out into the darkness, for a long time, doubting her own senses; then she closed the window, threw herself upon her bed, and shut her eyes tightly. She longed to rest. She seemed to have passed through a troubled dream.

At last she fell asleep, and dreamed that she saw Robert Merle walking in a dazzling path of light across the sea. When she awoke, the sky and sea to the eastward were reddening with the dawn. She arose and dressed, and went to the window. The morning was sultry and breathless, and all the place was wrapped in slumber. Filled with a restless desire to get out into the open air, away from the walls and roof that seemed to be oppressive, she stole downstairs and out to one of the open pavilions upon the bluff.

She sat for a long time gazing down upon the glistening water. There was a footprint on the pathway leading down the bluff. Hat in hand, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, a man approached. As he reached the pavilion he looked up, and Margaret, turning at the same instant, found herself face to face with Robert Merle.

He uttered her name; with an exclamation of surprise; then, saying "Pardon me, I did not mean to intrude," turned away and walked on.

After going a short distance, he turned again and came back to where Margaret sat.

"Margaret," he said, "I can't meet you face to face and pass you by in that way. Are we not, at least, upon speaking terms? What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, it is nothing. Will you not come in and sit down?" she said, with an attempt at her old gay manner.

"Thank you," he replied, in the same spirit. "I just dropped in to ask you if you enjoyed the opera."

"You have no right to reproach me. You never gave me an opportunity to explain."

"What!" he exclaimed; "did I not write to you after I returned to Baltimore, because the idea haunted me that I had somehow mistaken you? although your avoiding me to go out with Suydam seemed all that was necessary to confirm what your father had hinted to me; that Suydam had a prior claim. I asked you in my letter if I might call upon you when I should next come to New York, and your silence was a sufficient emphatic 'No.'"

"I received no letter from you. If I had, I could have shown you your mistake. I—I thought you had been drowned."

"Indeed? Well, I was not far from it, sure enough; though I can't imagine how you heard of it. And do you really mean to say that you cared?"

Her eyes dropped.

"Margaret," he said impetuously,

"there are a good many things that I

can't understand yet; but one thing is plain, and I can let the rest go. I did not meet you here by chance. I knew you were here. I loved you, and you—"

"Oh, hush! here is my father!" she whispered hurriedly.

The old gentleman had, indeed, come quite near before his approach had been observed.

"Well, Margaret! What! Mr. Merle! Why, this is an unexpected meeting."

"Yes, sir!" said Merle; "it is quite accidental on my part."

"You mean your meeting with me? Well, I'm not sorry it happened so.

The truth is, my boy, I've wronged you. You wrote a letter to my daughter after you left New York. Well, that letter came into my hands.

I knew what it was, and, for reasons which I hope I needn't explain now, I destroyed it. Then Margaret got an idea that you were drowned, and I didn't take the trouble to undeceive her. It was a bad business for me, and I was always wishing myself out of it. Now it's off my mind. Not a word, sir! Good morning. Give my regards to your father—his firm and ours are well acquainted. Good morning."

Having delivered this extraordinary speech, Mr. Whyte bustled off, leaving the pair in such a dazed condition that it was fully a minute before they could resume the interesting conversation which he had interrupted.

When they left the pavilion and walked together along the bluff, the sun had risen gloriously, waking the seaside city to life and giving to at least two of the dwellers therein the promise of the brightest of many bright days.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY ON FORECLOSURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo.

Bank of Italy (a corporation), Plaintiff vs. Mina Loomis, as administratrix of the estate of Phoebe A. Hawkins, deceased. First Doe, Second Doe, Third Doe and Fourth Doe, Mina Loomis, Frank W. Thomas, Defendants.—No. 5428.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, on the 7th day of October, 1915, and entered therein and issued out of the above entitled court and matter of the undersigned, the Commissioner herein appointed, wherein Bank of Italy, a corporation, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure against the defendants, Mina Loomis, as administratrix of the estate of Phoebe A. Hawkins, deceased, Mina Loomis and Frank W. Thomas, for the sum of two hundred twenty-eight and 32-100 (228.32) dollars, principal and interest, seventy-five (75) dollars for attorney's fees, and fifteen and 10-100 (15.10) dollars costs, together with interest thereon at the rate of seven (7) per cent per annum from the date of said decree and for accrued costs and interest, and said decree of foreclosure and order of sale having been on the 9th day of October, 1915, duly recorded in Book 9 of Judgments of said Court at page 300 thereof, I am directed to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, and more particularly described as follows:

Lot Numbered Nine (9) in Block Numbered One Hundred and Two (102) in the Town of South San Francisco, according to an index to the map of San Francisco, filed for record in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of San Mateo, on the 1st day of March, 1892, and recorded therein in Book 2 of Maps at page 52.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 8th day of November, 1915, at the hour of forty minutes past eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the front door of the County Court House of said County of San Mateo, in the Town of Redwood City, in said County and State, I will in accordance to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described real property or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy the judgment, with interest and costs, and expenses of sale, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States of America.

Dated at Redwood City on the 14th day of October, 1915.

M. SHEEHAN, Commissioner appointed by said Court in the above entitled action.

Kirkbride & Gordon, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

10-16-47

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SCHOOL BOND ELECTION NOTICE.

Submitting to the Electors of the San Bruno Park School District of San Mateo County, State of California, the Question Whether the Bonds of Such School District Shall Be Issued and Sold.

Notice is hereby given that the qualified electors of San Bruno Park School District of the County of San Mateo, State of California, that in accordance with the provisions of the Political Code of the State of California, an election will be held on the 8th day of November, 1915, at the building known as the San Bruno school house located on Elm Avenue, San Bruno, in this school district, between the hours of eight o'clock a. m. and six o'clock p. m. of said day, during which period and between which hours the polls shall remain open continuously, at which election the question of issuing and selling bonds of said district to the amount of Twenty Thousand Dollars (\$20,000.00) Dollars for the purpose of raising money for Purchasing one school lot, Building one school building, Making alterations and additions to one school building, and Supplying school building with furniture and necessary apparatus, will be voted upon; and that by order of said board, duly entered in its minutes, all of said purposes for which said bonds shall be issued and sold, and all of said purposes for raising money by the sale thereof, for doing each and all the things aforesaid; and that there shall be appear upon the ballots used at said election the words "Bonds—Yes" and "Bonds—No" and any elector desiring to vote in favor of said bonds shall put a cross (X) upon his ballot with pencil or ink, after the words "Bonds—Yes" and any elector desiring to vote against said bonds shall put a cross (X) upon his ballot in pencil or ink after the words "Bonds—No." Any ballot so used and duly voted and marked with a cross (X) after the words "Bonds—Yes" shall be canvassed and counted as provided by law, as a vote in favor of said bonds shall put a cross (X) upon his ballot with pencil or ink, after the words "Bonds—Yes" and any elector desiring to vote against said bonds shall put a cross (X) upon his ballot in pencil or ink after the words "Bonds—No." Any ballot so used and duly voted and marked 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LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

(Continued from Page 1.)

White Autos were the winning team. Mr. Sullivan accompanied his home town team back to Cleveland on Monday. He said while here that he had the time of his life and likes California and regretted that he had to return home.

"GOOD MORNING" AND "SWEETHEART"

I had been running a locomotive for ten years, my runs always covering those hours when persons are free to mingle with one another sociably.

I was getting old—that is, what I thought was old in those days. I was thirty-four, and I didn't like the prospect before me. I'm a domestic man, and home is the only place for me when I'm not busy. I used to envy every snug cot I passed on my line, and my heart sank that I could not have one of my own. I had the money saved up, but if I got the house I had no woman to put into it, and what's a house without a woman? And, what's more, there's no use in a man's trying to make a home without a wife.

There was one place beside the road that I thought if I got a wife I would like to buy and fix it up to live in. It wasn't far from my starting point, and between runs I could spend my time there in comfort. Ever since I had gone on to the route it had been shut up. It was a two-story cottage with a big porch. I thought how nice it would be to sit on the porch in summer and smoke my pipe while my wife was cleaning away things after getting dinner.

But one morning when I passed the house I saw that my dream had been spoiled. Some one had taken my prospective home away from me. At any rate, a man was repairing it, another was painting it, and a third was mending the fence. A few days later when I went by I saw an old lady sitting on the porch.

One Sunday I saw a young woman fixing up the grounds. I concluded that she was the old lady's daughter and was at work in a store or an office, leaving Sunday her only day free for working about the house. When July came on she used to work about the place Saturday afternoons, but when September came she stopped this. I didn't see any man about the place and concluded the young woman was a spinster.

One day during the winter she was starting out from the house just as I was drawing near it. I didn't give her time to cross the track, for I wished to see her close by. When I reached her she was waiting for my train to pass, and I looked right down on her from the cab window. It happened that she looked up and saw an expression of admiration on my face. It was only a passing glimpse for either of us, but it was enough.

After that I saw the young woman quite often when I passed. I noticed that on my outward run on Sunday, when I passed her house about 11

o'clock, she was always on the porch with the old lady or working in the garden. But this was when the weather was warm. And I could see that she knew my train, and I fancied she was looking out for me.

When spring came I noticed her out making a flower garden. When she had got the ground in order she put in some seed. In March the plants began to come up, and it looked to me as if they were going to make letters. And so they did. They were tulips, and spelled "Good morning."

Now, there was no reason to suppose these words were intended for me any more than any one else, but somehow I couldn't get it out of my head that they were. At any rate, I just thought I'd risk making some sort of reply. There was an embankment not far from the house and in plain sight of it. One night I went out with some seeds and, making a bed on the side of this embankment, planted them. In a couple of weeks they were up and spelled "Sweetheart."

I took my train out one Sunday morning about the time my letter flowers got big enough to read from the house. The girl was on the porch and as I passed threw me a kiss and ran into the house.

This was all the flower courting there was, for it was too slow. At any rate, it was too slow for me. I didn't want any more encouragement.

The first spare time I had I got myself up in a clean boiled shirt and a decent suit of clothes and went to the house to get welcomed or snubbed, as the case might be, for

there are girls who will be up to a lot of skylarking and won't stand to be approached in the regular way.

The only weapon I took with me to make a fight with was a posy. I knew she was fond of flowers, and I relied on this considerably.

I went to the door and knocked. It was opened by the girl herself, and when she saw me she sort of shrieked and was going to shut it when I held my posy under her nose.

That did the business. She laughed and blushed and invited me in.

The old lady was there, and the girl introduced me to her, calling her mother. I began by saying a lot of nice things to the old lady, telling her what a cozy place she had

and how often I had admired it.

Well, there isn't much more to tell. The rest of the courtship was very much like other courtships, I reckon, although ours was, I fancy, a little more delightful than any other. At the end of it I moved my traps to the house, my wife stopped work, and now I have a run that lets me off at 4 p. m., and about 5 I go into the gate for the rest of the day. The click of the latch is the signal for a lot of little tots to come out and climb all over me.—By Samuel E. Brant.

Really Pleased, Then.

"Mrs. Gadders is a woman who always wears an artificial smile."

"Not always, I'm sure."

"What makes you think so?"

"I've seen her smile quite naturally when her sarcasm made some other women witt."

For sale or rent—House in Lomita Park. Apply 66 Eureka street, San Francisco, Cal. Advt.

MORE BIRDS IN CALIFORNIA THAN IN OTHER STATE

Convincing proof has been found of the great intelligence of birds.

Director Joseph Grinnell of the University of California museum of vertebrate zoology reports that there are already more different species of birds in California than in any other state in the union, and more kinds coming all the time.

This is no mere question of size. The vast state of Texas is two-thirds as large again as California, but it has nowhere nearly as many kinds of birds, though it does come second.

What's more, the 541 species of birds already living here are not going to be permitted to enjoy a monopoly. Every kind of bird in the country is trying to move to California. There are fifty more known species of birds in California to-day than thirteen years ago.

A large share of these additions are unquestionably newcomers. One such "straggler," as the birdmen call such cases of a pioneer seeking to lead the way for his tribe into a new land, was a Mother Cary's chicken (a Wilson stormy petrel), which has no business anywhere away from the Atlantic ocean, but which was captured off Monterey.

Another venturesome explorer was an Anhinga, or water turkey, which belongs to Florida and the Mexican tropics, but which joined the rush of new settlers in the Imperial valley. The Tennessee warbler and the Louisiana water thrush both grew restless in their southern homes and made their way to California, one being found at Pasadena and the other at Mecca, on the Colorado desert.

Sooner or later, predicts Professor Grinnell, practically every species known in North America will be found occurring, at one time or another, in California.

The great advance made in recent years in knowledge of California birds is indicated by the fact that Professor Grinnell's new 217-page book, "A Distributional List of the Birds of California," just published by the Cooper ornithological club as a contribution from the California museum of vertebrate zoology, lists 541 species of birds as now known in California, as compared with the 353 species catalogued in 1868 by the pioneer ornithologist, Dr. G. G. Cooper of the geological survey, the 445 species catalogued in 1892, the 491 known in 1902, and the total of 530 listed in 1912. Widespread search

and the gathering and careful study of great series of museum specimens, through generous provision made by Miss Annie H. Alexander for the maintenance of the California museum of vertebrate zoology, are responsible for this increase, as well as the constant new immigration of birds.

Professor Grinnell reports that of the 541 species of which he tells the local status, 168 are water birds, 373 land birds and 108 game birds. There are six species of hummingbirds and twenty-three species of hawks. While the prolific sparrow is represented by ninety-six species, there are only nineteen different kinds of owls in California.

A Novel Prescription.

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy, who lived more than 100 years ago, not only loathed circumlocution in others, but avoided it himself. The Rev. Dr. Tuckerman of New England went to London for his health, where he consulted Dr. Abernethy and, oblivious of scowls and jerks of the body, expatiated on the importance of health to him, as the pastor of "a little parish in Chelsea, Mass." until the physician lost his patience completely and cut him off with:

"No matter about your little parish; go home and build a barn!"

And now comes the proof of the crusty doctor's cleverness as a diagnostician. Although inclined at first to resent the abrupt and unsympathetic dictum, Dr. Tuckerman followed the advice and found it perfectly adapted to his case.

He got plenty of outdoor exercise and a mechanical employment that occupied his mind. When the barn was finished his health was restored.

Gardening—The undersigned does all kinds of gardening, pruning and grafting in a first-class manner. Leave orders with P. Ruiz, at Baden Cash Store. David Corbett 2-8m. Advt.

Yosemite in Autumn is radiant

—Its domes and cliffs, its brilliant foliage, its glorious waterfalls.

A Daylight Trip

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Round Trip Fare

Return Limit Three Months.

Includes Auto-Stage from El Portal to hotels and camps in center of Park

Auto-Stage from Yosemite to Wawona and Mariposa Big Tree Grove and return, \$15.00 extra.

For Train Service and Illustrated Folder

Ask Station Agent

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

MINERAL PRODUCTION OF CALIFORNIA FOR 1914

AUTOS MAY HELP SPREAD TYPHOID

Mining Laws.

The completed, detailed report of the mineral yield of California for the year 1914, compiled under the direction of Fletcher Hamilton, state mineralogist, is now ready for distribution in the form of bulletin 70 of the state mining bureau.

California stands pre-eminent among the states of the union in the diversity of her mineral wealth and is exceeded in the total value of the annual output by only four—the large coal and iron producing states of the east.

California's yield for the year 1914, though a slight decrease from that of 1913 due to the general business depression which has pervaded the entire country for the greater part of 1914, maintained the creditable sum of \$93,436,553 worth of crude materials.

It should be borne in mind that this value, with the exception of gold, silver and quicksilver, is as far as obtainable that of the crude materials at the mine or quarry or well, as the case may be, and not sale price values at the marketing centers, which would include the elements of transportation and refining costs and the middlemen's profits.

The gold yield of 999,113 fine ounces, valued at \$20,653,496, was, with the exception of 1883, the greatest of any year in California since 1864. California leads all states in this item, as well as petroleum, which is the largest single item here, the 1914 figures for which were: 102,881,907 barrels, value \$47,489,109. The structural materials, including cement, crushed rock, building stones, etc., hold a prominent place, and are growing in importance each year. Their total for 1914 was \$14,469,981.

An appendix contains the principal California and federal mining laws.

Copies of bulletin 70 may be obtained free of charge by addressing the state mining bureau, Ferry Building, San Francisco, California.

No Laughing Matter.

Mrs. Penn—I suppose you know that my husband is a professional humorist?

Mr. Knox—Oh, yes; I have read a number of his jokes.

Mrs. Penn—He never laughs at any of them himself. Isn't that strange?

Mr. Knox—No, I can't say that it is.

Extra Work.

"That baseball pitcher has a rather spectacular delivery."

"So he has. Do you suppose he hopes to alarm the batter by his contortions?"

"Perhaps, or it may be merely his way of showing that he is earning his salary."

The automobile may be a factor in the transmission of typhoid fever, according to the California state board of health, because of the increased use of the automobile by camping parties. During a single month of the past summer, 2610 motor cars passed a given point along a popular mountain road, most of the occupants of which did not stop at summer resorts, but camped at favorite spots beside the highway.

Since a camp-site near a running stream is nearly always selected, the question of whether or not these campers de luxe observe ordinary rules of sanitation is of considerable importance. Unless care in preventing the pollution of streams is observed, and unless all refuse is either burned or buried, such a camping spot may become a source of disease dissemination.

Every physician in a large city knows that cases of typhoid in persons who have but recently returned from summer vacations appear regularly every year, and it is always a difficult matter to trace the source of infection in these cases, particularly if the patient's travels have been at all extensive.

The state board of health warns automobile campers, as well as all campers, to exercise care in sanitation, always to leave camps as one would desire to find them, never to drink water, without boiling, from a running stream unless sure that it is not contaminated, and to co-operate in every possible way in keeping clean the wonderful playgrounds of California.

The Good Old Times.

At one time in Rome political offices were auctioned off in public to the highest bidder. In ancient Greece theft was not considered so much of a disgrace as being caught at it.

Our prisons are not ideal, but we have made progress in dealing with crime. There were formerly fourteen offenses in Delaware punishable by hanging. In the early history of Connecticut lying, "that foul and gross sin," was punishable with five stripes at the whipping post and confinement in stocks; people were imprisoned in awful dungeons for debt.

In Rome men were sold into slavery to pay debts; creditors could tear the body of the debtor to pieces, each receiving a piece according to the size of his credit.

To-day is the best day creation has ever seen. For 2000 years the Sermon on the Mount, like leaven, has been permeating the hearts of men. At last only that which is good can endure. The fires of time burn out the dross.

There is "one far-off divine event, toward which all creation moves." It is perfection—but it is not here.

**A Time Saver
A Money Saver
A Public Servant**

IS THE HOME PAPER

It advertises home bargains, which are the best bargains.

It has all the home news and works for the home town all the time.

